

# Five Rules Of ONI ISOLATION

by blackdeath0001

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Summary: before the destruction of the first halo, a squad of Spartans designated Grey squad went missing en route to the Brute home planet, in an attempt to stop them before they joined the covenant and end destroying the human race. they followed five rules.

## 1. Chapter 1: Reaching for the answer

\*\*HEY EVERYONE, I WAS GOING TO CONTINUE ON MY OTHER HALO STORY, BUT NO ONE WAS REVIEWING IT. AS SOON AS I GET SOME REVIEWS I'LL UPLOAD THE NEXT 5 OR SO CHAPTERS. FOR NOW I HOPE YOU LIKE MY NEW STORY... BASED ON ACTUAL PEOPLE I KNOW, THOUGH THE NAMES ARE CHANGED (NO I'M NOR ROGER) BUT I HOPE ALL LIKE IT ANYWAY. \*\*

\* \* \*

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\*\*FIVE RULES OF O.N.I.\*\*

\*\*ISOLATION \*\*

1: No Spartan can be listed as KIA, only as MIA or WIA to keep moral up,

2: Cole Protocol states that in the event of a possibility that a human AI be compromised by covenant, means the ship must make a blind jump, to keep them from finding the slip space coordinates to earth.

3: if the above is impossible, self destruct of all of the ships navigational equipment and the AI, ultimately the ship.

4: Capture of any covenant heavy weaponry or ship, is priority when possible.

5: Spartans are the only ones qualified for wearing of Mark V and the Mark VI MJOLNIR armour, as normal humans can not withstand the increased power.

**\*\*\_GREY TEAM \_\*\***

Name: Roger Jericho â€" 126

Rank: Master Chief Petty Officer

Gender: Male

Age: 24 ( w/o Cryo 64 )

Training: Tactical, Heavy weapons, Small Arms, Recoil prevention, Mechanical, leadership, Covenant tactics.

Preferred weapon: BR battle rifle

Name: Lisa Ziizika â€" 062

Rank: Chief Petty Officer

Gender: Female

Age: 22 ( w/o Cryo 62 )

Training: Agility, Adv. Range, Heavy weapons, Small Arms, Recoil Prevention, Mechanical, Covenant tactics, Slip space controlled.

Preferred weapon: S2 AM Sniper rifle

Name: Bryce, Dewitt â€" 013

Rank: Senior Chief Petty Officer

Gender: Male

Age: 25 ( w/o Cryo 62 )

Training: Vehicle rigging, heavy demolition, Small arms, Heavy weapons, Recoil prevention, Mechanical, Adv. Medical, Adv. Covenant tactics.

Preferred weapon: M19 SSM Rocket launcher

Name: Alexia Thrum

Rank: Vice Admiral

Gender: Female

Age: 32 ( w/o Cryo 76 )

Training: Captancy, Vehicle Manouvers, Small Arms, Rifle training, Adv. Covenant Tactics, Adv. covenant space tactics, Adv. Human Ground manouvers

Preferred weapon: M6D Pistol

Name: Dave Ballston

Rank: Major

Gender: Male

Age: 24 (w/o Cryo 32)

Training: Covenant Weapons Training, Human Weapons Training, 300 combat hours, Human Small Aircraft, Covenant Small Aircraft,

Preferred weapon: M90 Pump Action Shotgun

\*\*\*\*

\*\*\_Chapter 1 \_\*\*

\*\*\_ : Reaching for the answer \_\*\*

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\*\*ONI Rule Number 5 - Spartans are the only ones qualified for wearing of Mark V and the Mark VI MJOLNIR armour, as normal humans can not withstand the increased power. \*\*

Gas erupted from the Cryogenic tubes. Three people stood, all in standard issue grey O.N.I. jumpsuits, with their logo blazing in the centre. Two were male and one female and each were Spartan. Minus the armour. " no freezer burn, okay were set " said a voice over the intercom, " Stand aside Bill, I got it from here, Master Chief Roger 126, Ziizika 062, and Bryce 013, welcome to reach, nice to see your well "

Said a voice, and 'Roger' nodded, "Nice to see your well Vice Admiral." He called. Moving towards the door, it was locked. " sorry Roger, we have to follow procedure, Stand in the square please. " she said, Ziizika just stood there cracking her fingers. "Ziizika, c'mon, at least listen to her once in your life, who knows you might enjoy it" said Bryce as he cracked his neck and tapped her on the arm, on the way to the square.

"Touch me again and I'll put my foot so far up your ass you'll be speaking shit for weeks, though I doubt much would change JS" she said, her strong Mexican accent resounding in the room. JS meant Jackal Slayer, as Bryce seemed to really dislike the jackals, on one mission he brought back the skull of one, making for a rather disgusting looking trophy. No one knew why he hated them. And Bryce just turned and continued to walk backwards towards his square, with his hands up in mock surrender. But none the less Ziizika went to her square.

"Okay, please look at the top light-"

After several minutes they were done. And the vice admiral led them to the bridge, where they saw they were orbiting around the planet Reach. This had changed substantially since they last saw. Three MAC guns were also orbiting the planet, the Sparta, the Argos and the Ellis. And twenty or so Heavy classed ships were also orbiting.

"Whoa, things sure have changed. I wonder if they still sell Mc Donald's"

Said Bryce, rubbing his stomach. One of the Ships personnel lent in, "Dude, you're a genetically and mechanically augmented super soldier and the first thing you do is wonder if Macca's is still around?"

"Hey, you'd be hungry too, if you had been asleep for god knows how long" the Vice Admiral turned laughing,

"You've been asleep for ten years buddy, so I guess it should be ok for you to be hungry."

Bryce looked at the guy, an odd smirk on his face leaned in, which is fairly easy when your 7 ft tall and said "Take me to your snack bar,"

This made even Ziizika laugh. But still, the guy took him from the room. "Anyone who wants to join him are ok to leave, uh, except you Roger, I need to speak to you" Roger stood to, hand swinging to his head in salute.

"Yes Vice Admiral" was his reply; she motioned for them to walk.

"We're here to get your team the new Mark V MJOLNIR armour. But afterwards we need you to help on a mission, its extremely dangerous, even for your team, so no one is going to need to go un-voluntarily." She stopped at an elevator. Pressed a button that opened the door, and went inside.

"May I speak freely ma'am?" asked Roger, as he put his arms behind his back, the Vice admiral nodded,

"Shouldn't they send someone better than my squad? Like blue team, why not them?" the Vice Admiral cocked her head to one side, looking up at the tall muscle bound Roger, at his open spaced eyes, his brown hair, and flat nose that complimented a chiselled chin

"Them? Their already on assignment in the Orion Quadrant." She smiled, and Roger himself looked at her, trying to see a glimmer of anything in her face, but couldn't see anything beyond her grin.

"Red team?" he asked, and the smile faded from the Vice admirals face.

"Their dead ONI won't admit it, only listing them as MIA." Roger looked unfazed, but in truth, he was shattered. The second best team, annihilated.

"Enough of those talks, will you take it?" ding, the elevator stopped, and they moved out of it into the bio room, and started to walk along the 'cobblestone' road.

"Ok, we'll do it."

**\*\*\_Chapter 2 \_\*\***

**\*\*\_ : Upgrades \_\*\***

**\*\*\*\***

**\*\*ONI Rule Number 1 - No Spartan can be listed as KIA, only as MIA or WIA to keep moral up. \*\***

\_"Enough of those talks, will you take it?" ding, the elevator stopped, and they moved out of it into the bio room, and started to walk along the 'cobblestone' road. \_

\_"Ok, we'll do it." \_

An entire ship of ODST's stood ready, and with them went three Spartans, just suited in their new Mark V MJOLNIR armour, they looked every aspect of fierce. They had taken them off after initial testing, and now the three Spartans were sitting in the Garage of the Heavy, they just had come from the armoury where they sat for three hours reloading and checking weapons, updating weaponry. At the present they were updating a Gauss Warthog, increasing the blast rate and speed. Bryce suddenly asked, coming from underneath with oil stains all over his ONI jumpsuit

"Remind me chief, why we need to go that far?" asked Bryce, wondering why they had to travel half the galaxy.

"Because that's where the covenant planet where they are trying to get a group of new big evil guys to come in." said Roger. Bryce just sat there and asked,

"Yeah, but why that far?" Ziizika just rolled her eyes, grabbed a wrench and slid underneath the car to continue what Bryce had been doing. The Vice Admiral walked into the room,

"We'll be leaving for Chi Ceti4 soon; apparently they have some new gadgets for us before we leave for the Jiralhanme home planet." Bryce stared,

Okay, a more suitable question. What the hell are Jiralhanme?" Ziizika spoke up suddenly from under the car

"They are those 'New big evil guys' that Roger here was just talking about." Bryce stared at the captain,

"So, why do we need to go that far?" he asked, throwing a spanner from hand to hand,

"Hey JS throw us a flat head down here" called Ziizika from underneath the car, Bryce hurried to oblige when a message broke out over the intercom

" Were leaving in ten, prepare for slip space jump, over " The Vice Admiral went up to Roger and said,

"We'll be there in twelve hours, I suggest you guys hurry with anything you'll be doing." As she left the room Bryce said, "You guys still haven't answered my question" Ziizika dragged herself from

underneath the Warthog, "that's because you're an ass" she said as she got up and threw the screwdriver back to Bryce who caught it and replied, following her. "Ooh nasty, and where are you going?"

"To my quarters, I'm going to get some sleep" she said from halfway down the corridor. Roger walked by Bryce, "What about you?" Bryce asked,

"Classified" Roger said.

"Bathroom?" he asked?

"Yeah"

Twelve hours passed until they broke into Chi Ceti4's atmosphere " UNSC Heavy, \_Isolation \_send your verification codes now please"

" \_Isolation\_ reporting in, Codes being sent now " the messages from the Intercom said as Grey squad got dressed into their MJOLNIR Armour. And were ferried to the planets surface by a Longsword, the pilot didn't say anything. Once they were on the ground, a scientist came to greet them, wearing the full gear, from white a coat, to the spectacles and half bald head

"Ah yes, Spartans 126, 062, and 013, nice to see you, this way if you please." They had landed on a personal air field, and so only a small way away from the lab buildings, which was surrounded by a full concrete wall, towers sticking from them here and there, complemented by stationary guns and AA turrets.

"In here please" the scientist said, while gesturing towards the airlock of one of the buildings, the scientist placed his hand on the verification lock, and they all stood back to watch the several different doors slide open. They did the same on the other side, once the scanning was complete.

They entered into a workshop, "Whoa" said Bryce, as he stepped inside, Roger, knowing of Bryce's love for anything technical said "Great, now he won't want to leave," as they passed by several different scientists, they noticed a small enclosed room, and inside the room was a pair of jackals. The glass, that was on their side, was super reinforced, but the second that Bryce saw them, he ran to the area, and slammed his fist against the glass, repeatedly, and it took three scientists, Roger and Ziizika to drag him away,

"Let me go \*\*LET ME GO!!!\*\*" he screamed, trying to pull away from them,

"HEY, buddy Cool it" said Ziizika into his ear, and Roger said

"It's not worth it" By this time, the two jackals, had run to the glass and were screeching out of it, while banging their hands against it, they had noticed it wasn't a mirror on their side.

"Alright" said Bryce, tearing away from them,

"What the hell is wrong with you man?" said Roger,

"Control yourself next time!" said Ziizika, throwing her hands in his

general direction, and this got Bryce mad, he ran at her now, completely full of rage, and threw a punch that would have punctured steel, but Ziizika blocked it, Bryce threw more and more punches, until he threw his arm too far, Ziizika grabbed it, and ripped it behind his back, rendering him helpless.

"Jesus man, what the hell did I just tell you?" she said, pulling him to the ground, arm still behind his back,

"I'm not the one who punched out my superior officer on the first day 'Lisa'" he said, struggling again, and Ziizika got really mad, even worse than Bryce was a few seconds ago, she punched him, and she dented the metal of the MJOLNIR V armour, something that is considered impossible as its made from Pla-Steel.

"Don't **\*\*ever\*\*** call me that" she said, throwing his arm back to him, and he stood, shaky but alive. Everyone saw what had happened, but half of them couldn't comprehend the speed at which it had been done. One scientist, the one who'd brought them in, quickly told his partners to take the two jackals to another area, and said to the Spartans

"This way please," all anger of the two spent, they followed, without complaint.

"This is a bubble grenade" said the scientist, thy had been seated for the lesser part of half an hour, as the scientists showed them various items with which they were to view, and say if they thought they wanted it or not, they were obviously outside, and behind a curtain was all of the 'items'. He primed it, and threw it on the ground; it exploded, into a plate like clear bubble, "this was manufactured from the Sangheili shielding. Unlike your own, which was from the jackal's Personal shield. Actually those two that you saw earlier were the ones who provided them, now, would you care to shoot at me Dr. Blaine?" the scientist asked, and 'Dr. Blaine' hurried to an SMG that was lying on a table not far from him, and Shot at him, which made for odd ripples, but no breakage, and definitely nothing hit the scientist.

"We'll take a few of those" said Roger.

"Okay then Spartan 126, uh, Dr. Blaine, next item please"

Dr. Blaine answered "Spartan Laser"

"Ah, definitely something for you to see." Three scientists came in, holding a massive gun, the size of a gauss cannon.

"What the hell is that?" Blurted out Bryce, as if nothing happened thirty minutes earlier.

"This? This is something I am most proud of, this is the Spartan laser, bring in the test," in came a scientist.

Driving a wraith.

The scientist inside ran for cover, as did everyone else, except for Dr. Blaine, who pulled the trigger. For several seconds there was nothing except a ringing that ascended, until, a red light Flew from the laser, completely annihilating the Wraith.

"We'll take it"

### 3. Chapter 3: Friendly Sparring

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\*\*\*\*

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\_"We'll take it" \_

Three days passed on the Isolation, they fitted the Spartan laser to the warthog they had been fixing. They got three bubble grenades, each. Ziizika and Bryce stayed as far away from each other as possible. And Roger had taken to watching the ODST Sparring cage. That had been installed on the ship. Normally, on a Heavy ship like \_Isolation\_ or the \_Pillar of Autumn\_ they wouldn't install things that could end in the injury. But in this case, the Vice Admiral had personally requested them. Unlike most women, she enjoyed watching small sparring matches, and it kept the ODST's from resorting to chess. Then two people came into the room, for a match.

Meanwhile on the other side of the ship, in the bridge, the Vice Admiral was setting the slip space coordinates for a system near the one they were heading for. Which they would go to first. An ODST ran in.

"Its Ziizika and Bryce Ma'am, their going to the sparring cage."  
"

The Vice Admiral ran, on the way, she noticed the amount of ODST's that were heading to the sparring cage and thought 'things sure spread fast around here'

As she entered the room, she saw Roger sitting on a bench near the cage, easily able to see the match that was about to take place.

"Can't you stop this?" she said to Roger, who turned to her, and



gestured for her to sit down.

"It's best not to get involved ma'am, if their going to kill themselves now, its better than killing each other in the middle of a battlefield." The Vice Admiral just stared at him, eyes wide, jaw open, grasping for words.

"How can you be so heartless?" she said after much stuttering.

"I'm not"

Bryce flexed his arms, and shoulders, jumping up and down to get himself pumped, he was wearing black Trousers like Ziizika, and no shirt unlike Ziizika "I'm gunna knock that pretty head off you missy" he said, cracking his knuckles before pulling on his gloves.

"That's what you think \_CompadrÃ—" Ziizika replied, beating her gloves against her black tank top. A marine walked in between them, and stated the rules, which neither of them intended to follow. This was a Spartan match now.

"Rule 1, no grabbing, Rule 2, no biting, Rule 3, after a three count your out, rule four, no strangling, rule 5 no foot to nuts contact these are the five ONI rules in fist to fist combat in this vessel, please obey them. "

"Yeah whatever" both of them said together, and got into fighting stances. Bryce jumped side to side like an idiot, while Ziizika watched his every move. Bryce did a barrel roll, and attempted to knock Ziizika off balance with his foot, but Ziizika sidestepped, leaving Bryce's foot to crash into the side of the cage, making a dent in the three-inch thick Iron bars. Ziizika's foot came crashing down towards Bryce, but he grabbed it, twisting it and so twisting Ziizika in the air, a bell rang out,

"Rule 1 broken, cease fighting." Called the marine, who was banging on the cage. Ziizika stood, again, and with Bryce still clutching her leg, grabbed his arm, making for an un-natural grappling contest. Bryce's foot came lashing into Ziizika's back, making her cry out in pain and let go, but during this, Bryce had let go of her leg, and so both were free of each others death grip.

Ziizika's palm came crushing into Bryce's Kidney's, making Him fall backwards, and clutch at the area. But managing also to keep himself up. One hand threw to the other, as the fist to fist became a literal fist to fist, until Ziizika's arm caught Bryce on the side of the face, causing him to loose focus for a moment. Giving Ziizika enough time to knee him in the crotch, which is really unfair to a guy. Bryce fell unconscious from pain, and understood only then why she disliked all authority but for Roger.

Roger ran into the cage, and grabbed Ziizika from Bryce, who was starting to gain consciousness. And Ziizika stopped,

"This is not the way to fight; this is a \*\_Friendly\_\* Sparring Session" Ziizika bent, and helped Bryce up, who mumbled Sorry to her on the way up, as soon as Ziizika left him to stand on his own, he fell onto one knee, and clutched his Kidneys,

"Looks like I'll be pissing blood tonight" said Bryce, as he got up

again, and limped away. The Vice Admiral followed and directed that Bryce be taken to the infirmary.

Two marines who witnessed the match just stared at the area where two of the greatest super soldiers just battled it out. One of them, who's name was Dave suddenly said,

"What a rush"

#### 4. Chapter 4: Point Of View

\*\*\_Chapter 4\_\*\*

\*\*\_ : Point Of View\_\*\*

\*\*4: Capture of any covenant heavy weaponry or ship is priority when possible.\*\*

\_"Looks like I'll be pissing blood tonight" said Bryce, as he got up again, and limped away. The Vice Admiral followed and directed that Bryce be taken to the infirmary.\_

\_Two marines who witnessed the match just stared at the area where two of the greatest super soldiers just battled it out one of them, who's name was Dave suddenly said,\_

\_"What a rush"\_\_

Two Elites stood in the newly acquired planet of Jiralhan, speaking to each other of the inhabitant's honour, "- Gerek has been in command of this post too long I say, he has no honour- "but the other stopped him before he could finish,

"Speaking of this is heresy brother, It is the will of the prophets and must be carried out by the letter."

"But YallDan, it is not proper, it-"

"No LyeKall, it is you who are mistaken. The words of the forerunner are all that matters, they are the gods, and do not believe that just because you are my kin, that I would not hesitate to kill you where you stand" and with that, YallDan left the area, to go to the prayer hall they had set up, when several Jiralhanme and a prophet came towards him.

"Praise the forerunner, I am humbled by your presence oh Prophet of Justice. I-"the prophet stopped him, before he finished,

"Enough. I overheard you talking to your kin, and while it is true that the Jiralhanme are overzealous, it is necessary for the great journey" the prophet signalled to the Jiralhanme, who went behind the pod, where from the prophet of truth was giving a sermon. " rejoice my brothers, for an icon of the Great journey has been found. The great and noble\_Ark\_ shall light our holy city for many years to come, and in due time, shall lead us to the gates from which we will begin. " it cut out, leaving a blue haze in its wake.

"Why do you tell me such?" said YallDan, bowing his head. Mandibles pointed to the ground in respect.

"Gerek has died in battle-" YallDan's head lifted to stare at the Prophet, in astonishment,

"-you have been chosen to take his place."

LyeKall watched his brother leave the sermon room, walking lower than before on his hoofs.

"Brother what is it?" he called, running towards YallDan,

"I have been promoted" he said, LyeKall stared beyond\ d him,

"But this is good news, why do you seem so?" he asked YallDan, hoping for an answer.

"I have been promoted to sub commander; I am to go to the holy city of wistful gain"

## 5. Chapter 5: Technical Difficulties

**\*\*\_Chapter 5 \_\*\***

**\*\*\_ : Technical difficulties \_\*\***

**\*\*\*\***

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\_"I have been promoted to sub commander, I am to go to the holy city of wistful gain" \_

Bryce had recovered quickly, and now the earth vessel \_Isolation\_ was half way to its destination, which warranted for some procedures.

"So, I see your up and about JS" said Ziizika, who was lifting weights, to flex her muscles and prevent any problems that might happen in the soon to come drop,

"Yeah, how long until we reach Jiralhan?" he asked, picking up one of the ten kilogram weights and spinning it on one finger.

"about three days, The Vice Admiral said that we should all get some rest, as we'll have some heavy fighting to deal with and-" and in

came a marine,

"Major Dave Ballston, reporting as ordered Ma'am and sir." The soldiers hand shot to his head, in salute his English accent hung heavily in the air.

"Your not Navy, or Ground Forces, so what are you with?" asked Bryce, noticing the blue clothing he was wearing.

"I'm with the Air Force sir, permission to be at ease sir?" Ziizika stared, looking at Bryce,

"At ease, but doesn't that mean we have no jurisdiction against you? So therefore, you don't need to salute." The Airman's hand dropped,

"JS, here's one of the guy's who'll be dropping with us in the first wave." Ziizika said, motioning towards the airman,

"Well, me and about twenty other people. " Dave said, obviously happy to be around the most superior weapons earth had to offer.

"Well, I'd best be off then, "he said, as he left the room.

"Nice bloke" said Bryce

"Poor bloke" said Ziizika

"Unconscious bloke" Said someone from the hallway, Roger walked in, holding Dave in his arms, who had fainted.

"I'll take him to the infirmary, you guy's finish on the work with that albatross and then the-" Bang, " all non-combat personnel to the pressure domes, military personnel to bridge, mechanical, hanger"

"So much for that." Said Bryce.

"Just get to the armoury; I'll take this guy as well." Said Ziizika, grabbing Dave from Roger, and hauling him across her back.

## 6. Chapter 6: My Tan Angels

\*\*\_Chapter 6 \_\*\*

\*\*\_ : My Tan Angels \_\*\*

\_"Nice bloke" said Bryce \_

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-

\_"So much for that." Said Bryce. \_

\_"Just get to the armoury; I'll take this guy as well." Said Ziizika, grabbing Dave from Roger, and hauling him across her back. \_

"sir, we should be careful, we don't know if there are covenant in there, we should wait for reinforcements" said Ziizika, trying not to show any emotion, such as the fear that was bearing to rip her apart. The same be said for all of them.

"Agreed, we'll throw something in to see if they are. And-"bang, from inside the armoury an explosion rang, and then, smaller explosions, as the grenades and ammunition went off.

Bryce covered his face from the blast, and ducked away from the door, Ziizika hid behind a large control panel and Roger hid on the other side of the door.

And then, apart from the blaring of the sirens, and the flashing red lights.

â€|silenceâ€|

Roger noticed Ziizika had dropped Dave out of harms way in the commotion, behind the panel with her. And then he noticed from behind her, through the strengthened glass, a gigantic planet, bigger than most. And he also noticed the three covenant boarding craft that was tearing towards \_Isolation\_.

"Into the armoury now" he said calmly, slipping inside himself, Ziizika grabbed Dave again, and dragged him in there with Bryce holding lastly behind.

"Now what?" asked Bryce, scrounging around the area for anything salvageable.

"Over here" called Ziizika, opening an electric sliding door with her hands, Roger followed,

Inside were three sets of EVA armour

"Wow" said Dave, suddenly waking from his sleep

"Nice to see your back with us" said Ziizika, dropping him unceremoniously.

Dave yelped, and drew himself to his feet,

"Ok I deserved that"

"Damn right you did" retorted Ziizika, shaking her fist and swearing countless things in her native Mexican tongue.

Bryce walked over to him, "you mean to tell me you weren't unconscious?" he inquired,

"I was, for a little while, I woke up about twenty seconds ago, when Ziizika dropped me." Then all of a sudden Bryce swung around, he'd noticed a shimmer of the light. And he knew.

Bryce used sign language to ask Roger if he'd seen the same, Roger nodded. And Ziizika silently moved behind where they saw it.

In less than a second Ziizika's palm lashed out and cracked against their assailants unarmoured skull. Making it fall to the ground.

"EEK, PLEASE NO HURT ME" galled out the grunt, through its methane mask. Dave jumped back, suddenly seeing an enemy spring from the middle of nowhere. "Jesus, I would have thought you give me a bit more warning than that." Rubbing the back of his skull, three guns now were pointed at the grunts face when it squeaked out two words they never knew were in the covenant dialect

"Me surrender."

And then they realised the O.N.I. rule 4 (Capture of any covenant heavy weaponry or ship, is priority when possible.) prisoners counted as heavy weaponry.

"Okay, two things grunt, one were only keeping you alive because we need information, two how did you beat your friends onto the ship?"

"I no be killed?" asked the grunt, no doubt thankful in the knowledge he would survive a few moments more.

Bryce pulled the trigger of his weapon, firing a round into the wall, millimetres from the grunts head, making the grunt think twice about his previous thought.

"Nice shot mate," commented Dave, now standing up.

"What do you mean? I missed" replied Bryce coldly holstering his weapon. The grunt whimpered in fear, hands over its head. "This'll be the last time I ask this to you before I hand you over to JS there," Ziizika said, nodding towards Bryce, who at that moment sat cracking his knuckles, evil grin on his face "personally, I'd prefer you don't say a word, but thenâ€¦ that wouldn't be in **\*\*Your\*\*** best nature" said Bryce, glaring at the grunts green eyes

"How did you beat your friends onto the ship?"

"I only to escape being dead dead here me" it said still shaking in fear.

"Deserter" said Roger, translating the grunts broken English to Dave.

"Deserter or no, its still covenant." Said Bryce, upholstering his weapon again. The fighting stopped suddenly,

"Covenant boarders have been repelled, any prisoners taken, bring to cell blocks A12 through B14, ODSST squad 23 and 24 are on search and destroy, engineers to bridge" \_

"Well, that was easyâ€¦ heh I didn't even get to fire off a single shot" said Dave lying back on a crate.

"Speak for yourself" said Bryce, pushing past him towards the sets of

EVA armour.

"So what exactly is so great about this EVA armour then?" asked Dave, scratching the back of his neck, and walking towards the grunt, who was busying its self gathering up different pieces of metal, like a scavenger.

"Me help" it continued to say

"Nothing, their basically the same as the MJOLNIR sets, just less advanced." Said Ziizika, reaching inside and taking out the heavy armour.

"And seeing as the MJOLNIR sets are damaged we'll have to use these for now." Continued Bryce, who started to put his on.

"Me help engineers, please no lock away" said the grunt suddenly

Everyone looked at the grunt quizzically, and a few moments later they were dragging it to the cell blocks, its sharp claws making scratch marks in the floor, tiny legs beating against the tan coloured EVA sets.

Dave watched as the three Spartans dragged the grunt away, and said jokingly "my tan angels"

End  
file.